

**Evening Ledger**  
 PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY  
 CYRUS H. KURTIS, President  
 Geo. W. Ochs, Secretary; John C. Martin, Treasurer; Charles H. Ludington, Philip R. Collins, John R. Williams, Directors.

**EDITORIAL BOARD:**  
 CYRUS H. KURTIS, Chairman  
 F. H. WHALEY, Executive Editor  
 JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at **Public Ledger Building**, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

**LEADS CENTRAL:** Broad and Chestnut Streets  
**ATLANTIC CITY:** Press-Bureau Building  
**NEW YORK:** 115 A. Metropolitan Tower  
**CHICAGO:** 817 Home Insurance Building  
**LONDON:** 5 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S. W.

**NEWS BUREAUS:**  
 HARRISBURG: The Post Building  
 WASHINGTON: The Post Building  
 NEW YORK: The Post Building  
 PHILADELPHIA: The Post Building  
 PITTSBURGH: The Post Building  
 ST. LOUIS: The Post Building  
 ST. PAUL: The Post Building  
 SPOKANE: The Post Building  
 WASHINGTON: The Post Building

**SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:**  
 By carrier, Daily, only six cents. By mail, postpaid outside of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required. Daily, only, one month, twenty-five cents; Daily, only, one year, three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.

**PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1914.**

the discoveries recorded by the Harvard expedition to Nebraska.

There, in a recently trodden river bed, they found living, everyday tokens left by prehistoric America. The relics of three thousand testified to the humdrum pursuits of man in periods centuries old. In the last and the furthest stratum was found—what? Not any of the stupid commonplace of "research," but the remnants of a deserted feast. And there at the end of the menu were mute witnesses to the American man's oldest and most modern of friendly dissipations, three ash-filled pipes. As a record of common humanity they were worth searching years to find.

**Superlative Stupidity**

THE liquor dealers of Pennsylvania have certain fixed rights. By the acquiescence of generations they have acquired them. They have invested their funds in the manufacture or sale of alcoholic drink. No question of morality faced them a hundred years ago. They cannot be expected now to appreciate the point of view of an era which devotes its ultimate efforts to the promotion of efficiency, the mitigation of poverty, and answers with action its daily prayer, "lead us not into temptation."

But rights are forfeited and privilege squandered when the best of the liquor dealers join with the worst of the liquor dealers in a deliberate and undivided conspiracy to prevent the people of the political entities of the Commonwealth from exercising their constitutional right to define nuisances. It is one thing for a candidate, on principle, to appeal to his constituency to treat without prejudice, fairly and squarely, a more or less vested interest. It is another thing for a candidate to bargain and barter with the outcast-breeders of society to trade perpetual license to them in return for their united and unanimous support.

In practically every State where whiskey has been an issue, its advocates have gone to the extreme of fanaticism by their mad endeavor to subsidize the elector. The coalition of the liquor dealers of Pennsylvania in support of Penrose is an evidence of superlative stupidity.

**Medical Movies**

EVERY day the moving picture machine invades some new field—war, education, dance-teaching, and now medicine. The Philadelphia County Medical Society has watched the actions of virulent germs magnified thousands of times. More important, it has been demonstrated on the film by motion pictures of patients that there are ten symptoms which have hitherto escaped record in nervous diseases.

The films are an indelible record of scientific fact for ages to come. Cheap yet invaluable, humble yet mighty, the "movies" defeat time and add their mite to the war on disease. Where will they end?

**Doubtless Somewhere, Sometime**

THE Councilman who accepts a salaried office from the Organization invites scrutiny. Is it not the old trick of the Organization to pay its servants with public funds, to find places for the men whose votes it needs, to trade its sinecures for individual subserviency?

It is not a good time for dual officeholders. The eyes of the community are on them. They are marked men. They are objects of suspicion. Yet doubtless somewhere, sometime, there was or is or will be a dual officeholder honest and brave and independent, forgetful of the illicit influence productive of his salary and vigilant in the public service.

**Bala Boy Scouts**

SEVEN scouts of Bala, the Bucktail troop, have been enrolled in the Eagle Patrol. This is the highest honor that Boy Scouts can win, the supreme degree of their order. These soldiers of peace have learned a thousand things that all many boys should know, and they can now exemplify their motto, "Be Helpful," with efficiency and distinction. Thus they have early become experts in the art of living. Long may they live!

**Father Mathew**

THE anniversary honors paid to the great temperance leader by the Catholic Total Abstinence Society discloses another element that will figure in the political situation this fall. There are thousands of Father Mathew men who will not be dismayed by the principles of their leader by tolerating any alliance of politics and liquor.

**From the War Smoke of Europe**

TOLSTOY predicted the great man in Europe. He has not yet appeared. That he may rise up out of the tumult of war is not an unreasonable hope, since this has been the history of crises. When he does come he will probably not for a master mind to appear. It is opportune for a master mind to appear just now, scattered fragments of society and government readjust them. It requires a greater man to build than to destroy. Creation is more difficult than destruction.

Whatever the outcome of the war may be, a great mind must reconstruct and uplift. The next era will likely be one of sober thinking, not of violent and destructive fighting. An age of titanic forces demands a Titan to rule them. The great man—some Amos or Sargon—may confidently be looked for rising up out of the war smoke of Europe.

**How can it be a Progressive party without Quay?**

If Senator Lewis was at home at midnight when the sergeant-at-arms came to arrest him, it is clear that a good many of the other Senators were not.

Representative Frank P. Woods' Republican Congressional Committee will soon be explaining that the Clayton bill was added to the rolls repeal as a good measure for Hill and Carnegie's support of the Administration. One is about as likely as the other.

The poll of the State Federation of Pennsylvania showed that about two of the delegates were for suffrage to every one against it. Yet this vast majority refused to use its power to dedicate the convention to the principle. Once upon a time men used to argue that women possessed no self-restraint.

A city employee's first vacation in 35 years is a record that the clock on Independence Hall hung up yesterday, and that no one need expect to see equalled in 35 more. Certainly the old timepiece cannot be accused of leveling the usual cry of "hands up" at the City Treasury.

**There Were Pipes in Those Days**

ARCHEOLOGY is not the grubbing of "dry-as-dusts." It is the illumination of present humanity by the light of the past. People of today have only to look on at these researchers with the eye of an interested brother and the results are as fascinating as

**THE HANDS OF ESAU**

Justice Waits on Politics in Remarkable System of Magistrates—Ward Leaders as Judges Bring Their Courts Into Disrepute—Competent Officers With Better Pay and Courtrooms Suggested—Place of Magistrates in the Organization.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

**FOREWORD**

"Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible and more advised than confident. Above all things, integrity is their portion and uprightness of spirit. The place of justice is an honored place; and therefore not only the bench, but the lobby and precincts and enclosure thereof ought to be preserved without scandal and corruption."—Francis Bacon.

Better government in Philadelphia is being slowly strangled. The Blankenburg administration of a few city offices expresses better government just as completely as an anti-Tammany administration does in New York. The cold fingers of "The Organization," Philadelphia's Tammany, twisting dexterously through a pliable majority in Councils and officials under control, are pressing hard on its windpipe. Unless pruned off by the people themselves, strangulation of better government must ensue. In the modest palaces behind the myriad two-story red brick fronts of working Philadelphia dwell the real beneficiaries of better government. They pay the taxes. It is for them to say how the public funds shall be expended. Their support alone means better government. The worst that can be said of people who toil is that they are sometimes too tired to study a public subject—BOMBTIMES, NOT ALWAYS.

**NO. VI—MAGISTRATES**

PHILADELPHIA prides herself upon her pulling Americanism—and with full cause. She is distinctly patriotic, intensely Sabbath-keeping, and almost wholly decent living. Her individual doers are not so clean. She does not ape New York, like Chicago, nor simulates Paris, like New York. She is a complete city in herself, a collection of wholesome normal families, rather old-fashioned and yet accustomed to good living, good times and good thoughts.

"Yes," says the brain of a reader in self-satisfied accord. "We are no mushroom Chicago, smudgy Pittsburgh, or malodorous New York." Then perhaps, after a brief confabulation with the soul, this honest brain adds: "It is best to watch out though; we cannot be absolutely sure even of ourselves."

Brains evolve conclusions from life as it is mirrored in personal experience. How few of us go up the rough bypath from the station when a smooth, lighted sidewalk runs to the front gate. Charles Dickens wrote facts, interspersed with pathos and laughter, into fiction, so the good people of England would read and learn of the wretched condition of their public institutions. Dickens realized that respectability did not frequent "Old Bailey," so he took "Old Bailey" to respectability.

Here in Philadelphia we have conditions in the administration of justice even worse than "Old Bailey." If one were not sure of the Philadelphia that lives in the homes, one might throw up both hands in despair over our magistrature system; it is such a disgrace. One may speak out bluff and bold if one is sure of one's ground. It is the business of a people's newspaper to level a finger of attention at every moth eating into the garment of government.

The more closely we examine the local magistrates, their surroundings and their fitness for the judicial role, the more radical change in the whole system. Justice is only a parody when it hangs on the nod of a ward leader. It makes no difference what party the magistrature belongs to; whether he is for or against "The Organization." If he is in politics he should not be permitted to be a judge. Other cities have laws that forbid a partnership of this sort.

In the First Ward George K. Hogg captains the majority party, and James H. Toughill captains the minority party, and both are Magistrates dispensing justice. They are the political team the Vares rely upon for election day results in South Philadelphia. In the 23d Ward, Edwin K. Borie fills the dual role of Magistrate and minority leader. T. G. Morris represents "The Organization" as central committeeman in the 25th Ward, as does John McNeely in the 31st Ward and William F. Campbell in the 25th Ward. All three are Magistrates. Joseph O'Connell, Leslie Yates and David S. Scott are presidents of executive committees for "The Organization" in the 24, 13th and 17th Wards, also Magistrates. William H. Belcher, Joseph S. Boyle and John J. Grells are independent Democratic leaders in the 15th, 24th and 25th Wards, respectively, as well as Magistrates. John J. Harrigan is secretary of the executive committee for Jim McNichol and the Vares in the Fifth Ward, and a Magistrate.

There are nearly 400,000 former citizens of Russia and Finland living in Philadelphia. They are the overflow from New York. These alien people frequently get their first impressions of legal values in the new country at the bar of the lower courts, where they are often taken because of minor infractions of ordinances, committed more through ignorance than otherwise. It is important that these stranger folk should be made to feel that our laws are to be obeyed; that freedom is not license.

Instead of finding the Magistrate to be a dignified personage, clothed in a robe and well versed in the statutes, these aliens, as well as others, look toward the bench and see what? Why, a politician! Often he is the ward leader. If not, he is a man put there by the ward leader, to whom a letter from the ward leader is magic. Out of 25 elected Magistrates at least one was a lawyer before his elevation to the bench. Here are the records of the men:

Leslie Yates, ex-clerk in City Treasurer's office; put in by 13th Ward Leader John J. Fiaberty, of "The Organization."  
 James H. Toughill, ex-clerk in Subtreasury; put in by the Vares throwing him enough votes to win.  
 Joseph Coward, ex-deputy internal revenue collector; put in by 2d Ward Leader Harry C. Ransley, of "The Organization."  
 T. W. MacFarland, ex-clothing salesman; nominated by reform parties, but really elected by 13th Ward Leader Harry J. Trainer, of "The Organization," throwing him 1000 votes.  
 John J. Harrigan, ex-clerk in Municipal Court; put in by 5th Ward Leader James A. Carey, of "The Organization," who was the former Magistrate.  
 William Eisenbrown, ex-constable; an honorable Magistrate who cannot be reached by influence of any sort.  
 William Haggerty, ex-saloonkeeper; put in by 7th Ward Leader Charles Seger, of "The Organization."  
 Charles P. Rooney, ex-clerk in Magistrate's Court; put in by "Buck" Devlin, of "The Organization," who was the former Magistrate.  
 John McNeely, ex-clerk in building inspector's office; put in by Dave Martin, of "The Organization."  
 William J. Tracy, ex-labor leader; put in through Frank Feeney's influence with Jim McNichol; Feeney looks out for "The Organization" at the Central Labor Union.  
 George K. Hogg, ex-clerk in the Recorder of Deeds' office; put in by the Vares.  
 William H. Belcher, ex-constable for his predecessor, Magistrate O'Brien; put in through "The Organization" throwing him

enough votes to win; lately switched to anti-machine Democrats.  
 William F. Beaton, ex-notary public; put in by "The Organization," fell out with Jim McNichol; now independent.  
 David S. Scott, ex-clerk in internal revenue office; real leader of 17th Ward for "The Organization."  
 Maxwell Stevenson, lawyer, put in as an independent, now out for Boles Penrose and "The Organization."  
 William Glenn, real estate dealer and ex-justice; put in by Dave Martin, of "The Organization."  
 Charles Emely, ex-proprietor of a china-ware store; put in by Dave Martin, of "The Organization."  
 Joseph Call, ex-boss painter in City Hall and member of the Legislature; re-elected by Jim McNichol over the wishes of 20th Ward Leader David H. Lane, the veteran; his constables are of recent bail scandal experience with the district attorney's office.  
 T. G. Morris, ex-foreman of the fire department; put in by Jim McNichol.  
 Byron E. Wrigley, backed by Workingmen's League; put in by Jim McNichol.  
 Edwin K. Borie, elected as an independent, but lined up with 23d Ward Leader David J. Hart, of "The Organization."  
 Edwin T. Pennock, independent; people of Germantown watching his course with interest.  
 Joseph S. Boyle, ex-constable and follower of Postmaster Thornton.  
 William J. Harris, ex-deputy sheriff; put in by 27th Ward Leader Edward W. Patton, of "The Organization."  
 Robert Carson, ex-reporter; an independent.  
 James A. Briggs, ex-contractor supplying teams at gas works; put in by Congressman, whose active man he is in the 25th Ward.  
 William F. Campbell, ex-clerk in Recorder of Deeds' office; put in by Jim McNichol.  
 John J. Grells, put in through "The Organization" throwing him enough votes to win; lately switched to the anti-machine Democrats.  
 The claim is made, supported by evidence, that some of the magistrates, under the direction of the ward leaders, are boldly active in behalf of the criminal classes. Director of Public Safety George D. Porter, an appointee of Mayor Blankenburg, shows that in a single year there were 161 cases of suspended sentences, of which 40 prisoners had previous police records, yet they were permitted to go scot free. The continued release of old offenders encourages criminal tendencies, and is discouraging to those called upon to enforce the law.  
 The Mayor, however, took the bull by the horns and appointed a representative to preside nights as Magistrate at the Central Police Station. He selected Benjamin H. Renshaw, a lawyer unaffiliated, and without political strings working him. Whereupon, the 25 regular Magistrates set up a cry that one of their number must be appointed. The courts have sustained the Mayor, both regarding the right of appointment, and the right to appoint some one learned in the law, even if that individual were not selected from among the elected Magistrates.  
 In 1913 there were 103,673 arrests made by the police. Of these 39,309 were for excessive use of intoxicants, and 10,615 were for breach of the peace and breach of ordinance, or nearly 50 per cent. for minor offenses. Practically all of this human grist passes through the mills of justice controlled by the creatures of "The Organization." All citizens are concerned, for present-day social conditions are the tomb of the future.  
 There is only one way to remove a corrupt Magistrate. Impeach him before the State Legislature. It is a long, long way to Harrisburg, and under conditions as they now exist in the capital, a citizen even with clear grievance against a Magistrate would think twice before kicking up any dust.  
 Here is some legislation suggested by a conscientious judge, who owes his high office to a nomination from "The Organization"—the contractor overlords having needed his strong presence on the ticket to carry in some weak candidates—but who clings fast to his professional principles:  
 No person shall serve in the office of Magistrate unless he shall have been admitted to practice as an attorney and counselor-at-law in the Supreme Court at least three years prior to the date of such appointment.  
 No Magistrate shall engage in any other business, profession or hold any other public office; and none of the magistrates shall serve as the representative of any political party organization or political party association, or act as referee or receiver, but each of the said magistrates shall devote his whole time and capacity, so far as the public interest demands, to the duties of his office.  
 You exclaim that this is revolutionary. It is. Nothing short of a radical program will detach the ugly claws of politics from the ermine of the courts. Some argue that the net effect will be naught unless the magistrature is put upon an appointive basis, under the control of the Mayor. This is a matter of opinion.  
 Less than a decade ago "Battery Dan" Finn, "Paddy" Diver and other Tammany leaders of their ilk were officiating as magistrates in New York. The great city revolted. It now requires its magistrates to be lawyers, unattached to any political organization. It is a passing commentary that New York, with a population three times greater than ours, gets along with eight less magistrates. But it pays each Magistrate \$7000 a year and provides him with a court room.  
 Here we have finally arrived at the kernel of the layer of error which hides the kernel of the Philadelphia Magistrate. He is criminally underpaid, and is given no court room. Pillars of the State Government, well warmed and clothed at the State's expense, have failed to reckon the damage to a com-

munity of a large number of cheap offices. Instead of a small number of Magistrates at good living salaries and court rooms, the Legislature provides a quantity of Magistrates at \$3000 each, out of which salary the incumbent must rent a court room. Fourteen conscientious Magistrates at \$5000 each and a court room would do better and quicker work than any number of political robots at \$3000 without court rooms.

We might go into the case of one Magistrate who splits his rent by charging half of it to his ward organization for a political headquarters; or another, who conducts a private business at one end of the room, and superintends the issuing of warrants and hearing of complaints in the opposite corner. But these are facts any citizen can ascertain for himself with slight exertion. Just look around; we should never be lacking in plans for reform. Only instruments for reform are lacking.

**VIEWS OF READERS ON TIMELY TOPICS**

**Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation.**

**To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:**  
 Sir—I noticed a little story in the EVENING LEADER the other night concerning the "Harvard school" of playwrights. The fact that the prowess of these students has been somewhat overestimated. Edward Sheldon is practically Harvard's only really successful product. The other young men, Percy MacKaye and Edward Knoblauch graduated from Harvard long before the course in playwrighting was established. As Harvard men, I don't think overstatement helps it.  
 L. J. BROWNE.  
 Philadelphia, October 15.

**LOVE OF MONEY IN BASEBALL**

**To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:**  
 Sir—The World's Series is over, alas! but it may not be too late to call attention to the high compliment Christy Mathewson paid the Athletics in a recent magazine article. The veteran pitcher applies the psychology of baseball to the case of the Giants, and explains why they are so apt to go to pieces in critical games. In the World's Series of 1911, of 1912, and 1913, "they all thought of anything but the execution of the duty of the moment. They thought instead what it meant in dollars and cents." Verily money is the root of many evils. But of the Athletics and the Giants, year by year, the "play" that series with the best of college boys. They seemed to enjoy very minutes of it, while the Giants made labor of it." The play-spirit of the Athletics will win next year. You'll see.  
 A. G. HENSON.  
 Philadelphia, October 15.

**AMERICA THE FATHERLAND**

**To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:**  
 Sir—Patriotism is a virtue, and all good Americans should encourage it. To Americans there is but one Fatherland, and that is America. All who come here and profess to want to be Americans should have sufficient strength of purpose when they are benefiting by the good things of the land of their adoption to forego the pleasure of insulting our Fatherland.  
 W. H. HALL.  
 Philadelphia, October 15.

**THE TWO SIDES OF THE WAR**

**To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:**  
 Sir—Somebody has just published an article which has the title, "The Human Side of War." The other side, of course, is the inhuman.  
 T. M. HARRIS.  
 Philadelphia, October 15.

**BEST BASEBALL DISPLAY**

**To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:**  
 Sir—Your recent baseball pages with big portraits of Mack and Stallings I thought the best baseball display I have ever seen.  
 B. K.  
 Boston, Mass., October 13.

**HUM OF HUMAN CITIES**

Oregon has done more for peace than recognize a single day of prayer. The activity has centered in Portland, whence the Journal reports a distinct effort at peace propaganda every day of last week. Business men have stood with bowed heads, joining in prayer for the end of war in Europe. The national anthem has been sung with fervor intensified by the gratitude that the horrors depicted in the suffering described, the loss involved have been kept at such a distance that only the echoes of conflict are heard.  
 Twenty-five thousand children in the public schools in one day heard the message of peace. They were told that nations which learn war make war. It was suggested that to learn industry is better than to learn to fight, that it is better to handle the message of peace.  
 They were told that war despoils homes and pays only in the currency of misery.  
 The street cars prominently displayed posters proclaiming that "Peace Means Plenty"; the storekeepers have exhibited in show windows the insignia of peace—the horn of plenty, the dove. Even the advertisements have been subjected to the message of peace; their power to make sales would be lessened by using part of the space for the Gospel of Peace.  
 Men who have prayed the Prince of Peace for cessation of war applauded to the echo the speaker who said, "I praise God ten thousand times and more for the President whose hand has guided us away from conflict."

**CURIOSITY SHOP**

Zoroaster instituted the arrow festival to commemorate the shooting of an arrow from the top of the peak of Demavend, Persia, to the banks of the Oxus, causing the whole intervening country to be annexed to Persia.  
 Another arrow flight of olden times was that in a trial of skill, when Alexander, the Sicilian, discharged his arrow with such force that it took fire. Longfellow refers to this allegorical incident:  
 "Like Aescetes' shaft of old,  
 The swift thought kindles as it flies."  
 Camilla, virgin queen of the Volscians, could have taught our athletes much in the way of sprouting, for of her it is said that she could run so fast over a hot iron that not a single blade would bend, or make her way over the sea without even wetting her feet.  
 Loose Coat Field was at Stamford, England, and was so called because at the battle there in 1470 the men led by Lord Wells, being attacked by the Yorkists, threw off their coats that they might run away faster. Drayton in his "Polyolbin" says:  
 "Cast off their country's coats to haste their feet,  
 And sped a way to some real victory."  
 Which "Loose Coat Field" is called 'e'en to this day."

**THE IDEALIST**

It is a prevailing habit to seek consolation for the committing of an indiscretion in some well-established slogan or proverb. No matter what you do, whether it be for good or evil, you can always find being right somewhere, where a gracefully put together collection of words to justify your act.  
 The trouble is that the constant repetition of these so-called proverbs results in most people believing them to possess real virtue. Old age does not make an error any less an error.  
 If some insanely disposed individual in an era that is gone and forgotten gave voice to a weak-minded bit of sentiment and the saying by reason of a clever arrangement of words, spread and spread until it became part of the language, then frequently it is received in a later time as a thing of long-demonstrated merit.  
 The cynic who said "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," has much to answer for. It is not beyond the experience of almost any man or woman to know of incidents where the dead earnest promulgation of the principle behind these words has served as a stepping stone to a very serious ultimate moral and physical condition.

**IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR**

**Ennui**  
 Now that trouble has broken out in South Africa, is was getting to be an awful bore for the British.  
 Naturally  
 Said the soldier, returning from Lille,  
 "Of this warfare I'm having my fill;  
 And this lead in my neck  
 It has made me a wreck,  
 For a fact, I am terribly ill."

**Coming to an Understanding**  
 An old gentleman who had a reputation for ultra-politeness was sitting one day in a crowded trolley car when a young lady entered. Her seat was offered her by the man, and she was rewarded by a bright smile, but as the girl was about to sit down the trolley gave a lurch and she stepped squarely on the old man's foot.  
 "Oh, I beg your pardon," she gasped, "I didn't mean to step on your foot."  
 "Not at all, not at all," he replied quickly, "I don't mind a bit. Why, I step on it myself about a thousand times every day."

**Justification**  
 "Why did you jilt that poet friend of yours?"  
 "He wrote a verse dedicated to me and called it 'Lines on Janet's Face.'"

**Classified**  
 "He's a gambler, pure and simple."  
 "Especially simple."

**The Chance**  
 They met beside the changing sea in June,  
 And when the moon was shining in the sky;  
 'Twas not surprising that the twain should swoon,  
 'Twas not impossible that each might lie.  
 And when the moon was shining in the sky,  
 It was not strange he called himself a duke,  
 Nor that the girl in wonderment should sigh  
 And disbelieve, but give him no rebuke.  
 'Twas not surprising that the twain should swoon,  
 Nor that the lass should claim a rich papa;  
 For they were by the changing sea in June,  
 So he controlled his high, ha, ha, ha.

**Woman Suffrage**  
 Most married women would make good Congressmen. They are so apt at introducing bills in the house.

**Reversed**  
 "The last shall be first" when a girl starts to read the final chapter of the latest best seller.

**Just Like That**  
 "Even the walls have ears," they say;  
 And even the floors must prate,  
 For I found in a dwelling house today  
 That the rooms communicate.

**The Fate of the Kicker**  
 Dr. S. A. Faulkner has been slightly disabled this week from a fracture in one of his feet caused by kicking an unruly cow—Blum, Tex. Bulletin.

**The Fly in the Ointment**  
 "Thank goodness," said the fly, "the swarming season is ended. I don't know how I survived it. I'm sore from head to foot." Then, sighing gratefully, he jumped into the ointment.

**Only as Vote Holders**  
 Oh, Gladys, the vicereines of South Philadelphia have nothing to do with the celebrated pork barrel—not directly.

**The Limit**  
 "This is carrying caution to extremes. Brown has been accused of violating our neutrality."  
 "What did he do?"  
 "Nothing; he merely had a foreign substance in his eye."

**The Poet's "If"**  
 If I could put the murmur of the limpid brook in words,  
 If I could catch and hold its plaintive tune;  
 If I could make translation of the singing of the birds  
 And the whisper of the budding leaves in June.  
 If I had but the power and the golden words to write  
 Of how a sunbeam sparkles on a leaf,  
 While the dew to it is clinging when the dawn has chased the night,  
 And the earth is young and very far from grief.  
 If I could write the lyric of the mating robins' call,  
 If I could but transcribe the cricket's chirp;  
 If I could only put in words the woodland music all  
 And its subtle charm for the whole world usurp!

**Oh, Certainly**  
 Peace hath her bickerings no less renowned than war.

**Unnatural**  
 "What put that fine new theatre out of business so quickly?"  
 "There was too much room between the seats."

**The Finishing Touch**  
 The young man hesitated to believe the statement of her little brother that the young lady was not home. He repeated the question at the same time displaying a quarter. The boy eyed it longingly and again replied in the negative.  
 "But didn't she leave a message for me?" asked the disappointed avuncle.  
 "Yes," said the lad—and nothing more.  
 As one who sees a great light, the young man tossed him the coin. "Now," he said, "out with the message."  
 "She said she'd no gonna see you any more, and you're not to give me any money."

**Mistaken Identity**  
 A little girl with a nickel and an appetite for ice cream walked into a confectioner's. "Come," she asked.  
 "No," said the storekeeper, "O'Hara's."

**Oh, Certainly**  
 Peace hath her bickerings no less renowned than war.

**Unnatural**  
 "What put that fine new theatre out of business so quickly?"  
 "There was too much room between the seats."

**The Finishing Touch**  
 The young man hesitated to believe the statement of her little brother that the young lady was not home. He repeated the question at the same time displaying a quarter. The boy eyed it longingly and again replied in the negative.  
 "But didn't she leave a message for me?" asked the disappointed avuncle.  
 "Yes," said the lad—and nothing more.  
 As one who sees a great light, the young man tossed him the coin. "Now," he said, "out with the message."  
 "She said she'd no gonna see you any more, and you're not to give me any money."

**THE BABBLING FOOL**

A Chinaman makes use of the doctor when he is kept from getting sick. Doctors enjoy the doctor when sick to prevent getting well. The logic is on the side of the Chinaman. The man is an exception who does not get the cart before the horse, or at least lock the stable after the horse is miles away. China is much better trained in manners and morals than America. Manners are violated here, as in the case of the king's English. As to morals, there are none except among the undisciplined.  
 Missionaries ought to be sent to the top of society at home, not to the bottom of society in China and Japan. There is no such thing as a Christian nation. It is still to come.  
 The art of living is a lost one in the Occident. Orientals know the trick of living.  
 American society is rotting at the top. The poor are better than the rich, and the poor haven't much to boast about.  
 If civilization keeps going down the toboggan as it has started, the yellow man will ride as king through the streets of Berlin and live in the White House at Washington within a century.